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# CHANTICLEER



# CHANTICLEER

Volume LXXII

Edited by  
David Graveen

Duke University • Durham, North Carolina

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*For Harry*



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# PROLOGUE

In the heat of the late summer, when the leaves of the trees are a tenuous dark green, and on the ground the broken branches lie to be picked up by newfound friends walking along in the shade, when the mood is as carefree and lazy as an afternoon spent on the banks of a slow southern river, young people from across the nation and the far-off lands of the earth descend upon towns with universities and colleges in expectation of experience, to begin another year which will hold for them things of which they could never conceive.

It was in 1980 that I found myself in the heat of August with suitcases in tow, walking with effort toward a walled-in campus along streets that I thought to be curious. Assembled that day were fifteen hundred souls from across the country, tanned from an expectant summer, dressed in shorts and sunglasses and with parents, some with acne, some with girlfriends and boyfriends from home, some with expensive cars, and all with expressions of studied cool which belied a relentless nervous fear. We knew that the school was among the best and we expected the company to be the same. At my dormitory house were fifty freshmen on this humid day, and I looked at them all as I set my cases down and found the line for the room keys. I wondered who my roommate would turn out to be. And in the trees and bushes, out of the thickness of the air, a thousand insects droned. In this way the collision of fifty freshmen illusions was set to a score.

Let it be known that this is all long past, and the years have stacked up on themselves and I write this out of memory and the fantasy that can be created therefrom. The consideration of memory lends itself to the creation of theses of experience. From the hard and ardent thinking of four years, from the deliberate assaults on all the kinds of innocence which accompanied me on that hot August day, the theses stream out in a colorful parade from my memory. Only now can I truly see them.

Where were we headed on that day? If we could have answered that, we would not have had to make the pilgrimage. The desire for certainty infused the hearts of all of us that assumed the quest. Pilgrims all, and the falls and winters and springs and summers

that followed tested our wills and our abilities to laugh and our beliefs in ourselves and our faiths in things that we could not control.

But let us steer clear of pabulum. The experience which ends in the fresh greenness of spring belongs to the minds of pilgrims. Each one of them has at least a hundred tales to tell, and if you got them together in the comfortable surroundings of a wood-paneled college bar and set a beer in front of them you would probably hear them all, in turn. The men and women who speak here in this record speak from the heart. Their tales are modest—take them as glimpses of a time of your life that you know well and will never forget.

A party was thrown. There assembled at this party which celebrated the good and bad times of the last few years of our life was a group of students and a professor and even a book. Over in the back of the group was a **FRESHMAN**. An exceedingly intelligent man he was, and he treated us to a candid glimpse of what was on his mind that day when the brown and blue family station wagon pulled up to the back entrance of his dorm and deposited him on the doorstep of the rest of his life. I admit that we all chuckled as we remembered that exciting and painful day. I have already described my experience. The Freshman was speaking the truth.

Next to the aforementioned young man was sitting, or rather lying, a coarse but refreshingly brisk man, who we shall call the **BEACHGOER**. Brown haired, quick to smile and fond of beer, this individual related to us what happened to him during the annual ritual of visiting the beach after final exams. We winced at his language, but who among us could not understand the hung-over confidence that comes with bleary-eyed youth?

Sitting alone most of the evening was a **WRITER**. He was the kind of man you wished to get to know better. He spoke with sensitivity and care, and we never did know if he was speaking of himself or a friend. But it did not matter, for the end of his tale gave us all pause to think and wonder if we too would be so immortalized in the words that he wrote.

A cheerful sort of woman sat across from the Writer. She told the tale of the **STRUGGLING STUDENT**. She told it quickly, as if the tale was too close to her own experience for comfort, but she seemed to enjoy telling us that in the end the Struggling Student made it through all right. We all breathed a sigh of relief at the end of this dark tale.

We were all startled by the sincerity of the **CHAPELGOER**, who related to us a very special early-morning vision. All of us who did not possess such direction in our various faiths took inspiration from this young man. His blue eyes sparkled as he spoke. We all have been struck by the beauty of this place, but he placed it in a special context. Yet he was not superior, for he laughed right along with everyone else as the **REVELER** delivered his tale. A man whose very inarticularity become somehow articulate, the Reveler laughed often as he went through the story of his dangerous escapade with the law and



illegal substances. I trust that there have been many more adventures just as crazy for this man. You could not help but like him, though. He was not the kind of man who would depress you.

Such a thing could not be said about the man we shall call the **FIRST GRADUATE**. I am sure he was a nice enough young man, but the tale he told was so dark with pathos and self-doubt that we found it hard to warm up to him. We all hoped that he found something to be happy about for none of us thought that graduation meant the end of the pilgrimage. There is joy in the promise of the future. Minutes passed before anyone dared to offer a new tale.

Happily, the man who undertook the next tale was able to erase the memory of the sadness of the previous one. This man, who we called the **SECOND GRADUATE**, shared with us his infectiously optimistic thoughts as he and his girlfriend headed together into the future from a ceremony which symbolized for them the ability to dream. Sitting next to the First Graduate he seemed quite a contrasting figure, and we were grateful that he spoke up.

Long before we had gathered around the bar to tell our tales we had heard the loud and never-ceasing voice of the **SHREWD WOMAN**. Her speech seemed to possess all the latest colloquialisms in the form of the English language spoken at college. She told her tale in ("like") a natural style. None of us doubted for a minute that she spoke of herself.

A lyrical sort of fellow in a Boston Red Sox cap stood up most of the night against the rough-paneled bar. We shall call him the **BASKETBALL FAN**. He told his tale with a passion not all of us shared, since not all were basketball fans and a few of the younger pilgrims had not been fortunate enough to attend the games he described. Wearing jeans, a tee-shirt, and that cap, he seemed to me to be the archetypal college student.

Not a second had passed after the Basketball Fan had spoken when the **JOB SEEKER** asserted his personality. Several of us had attempted to obtain employment upon graduation, like him, and thus his mock anger as he related his early-morning thoughts rang true. He lay on the floor in front of the bar and he seemed much more comfortable now than he did at 4 a.m. on the cement steps of the Placement Office.

When the **PREMEDICAL STUDENT** shared his tale we all listened with intensity. It was obvious to us that he spoke with such well defined feelings about his character's exam because he had experienced it before himself—the nervousness, the accomplishment, the elation. He was making a pilgrimage of his own—to Medical School, to be sure, but also to the beach and the relief that accompanies a finished task. I wonder if his own experiences down on the oceanside mirrored that of the aforementioned Beachgoer.

The man who told us the tale of the **SENIOR** was not the kind of man you would expect to impart such a story of self-loathing. We wondered if he was a friend of the First Graduate. He said that the character in the story was one of his friends, and he had heard the autobiographical version one night in a darkened room. He said that it moved him so much that he chose to tell it today, in the place of many more uplifting ones. I

think we all hoped that fate had been kind to the young man in the tale. The man who told the tale was quick to tell a joke at other times in the evening, so we were glad that he was not similarly depressed.

A woman with an avowed interest in modern literature and computers shared with us her tale of the **PROGRAMMER**. We were taken by her ability to recreate a situation which many of us newcomers to the technological age had experienced (How many of us had spent late nights stooped over those funny machines!). Her utopian thoughts at the end of the tale, as she finished her program, were the same as some of our own.

When the **PROFESSOR** spoke, the place was quiet. He was an impressive man with beard and glasses—a man deserving respect. I for one wished that all professors shared his enthusiasm in teaching. He was not quick to laugh, and it was awkward indeed when such men as the Reveler or the Beachgoer spoke of their morally bankrupt experiences, but we learned much from him—he possessed something that can only be described as wisdom.

We were surprised when an attractive dark-haired girl who had been quiet all evening long shared with us her tale of the **IDEALOGUE**. She delivered the story with bitterness, the kind of bitterness that finds its most effective manifestation in fantasy. We all thought that she knew this person well; perhaps she had been a romantic interest of this demagogic character. Perhaps she was even rejected when some new political issue demanded his time. In any event, she talked with a sharp and entertaining tongue.

The tale of the **DRUNKARD** plunged much deeper into fantasy than did the Ideologue's tale. The young man who shared it with us, sitting down in the chair next to the Professor, was well-known by all to be a rather suffocatingly moral individual. The coarse allegory was a shock coming from his mouth. He gave his tale much in the attitude of a squeamish person describing an autopsy. What a bloody end for our friend in the tale!

When the **NURSING STUDENT** shared her tale, we were treated to the recollection of a very rare magical moment. It was a very sad tale in a way, but we all shared her wonder at how intense personal interaction can be sometimes, even with a total stranger. It is a shame that her school no longer exists to train future nurses with that same sensitivity that she had developed.

I have mentioned the **BOOK** earlier in the prologue. It lay on a shelf behind the bar, and periodically each of us would see it and doubtless think about our hours at the library with dull, nameless textbooks. Finally, a man lying on the floor next to the Job Seeker started telling a tale from the perspective of that lone book. We laughed heartily at the sharp-tongued joy that the Book took in seeing its owner fail his course. In any event, the tale gave us the opportunity to take our minds off the more serious things that we had thought about.

The tale of the **FUTURE MAN** was one such serious story. We all shivered at his fear of failure and the inability of his girlfriend to comprehend his worries. Pray that we have nicer thoughts every day of our lives!

The **ROMANTIC's** tale gave us the opportunity to remember things much more pleasant. I trust that all of us have experienced those warm feelings for strangers who quickly become very close friends. And I am quite sure that the young Romantic was quite familiar with the plot line she unfurled. It was fitting that the man who I like to call the **INNOCENT** shared his story with us directly afterwards, because it gave us a glimpse of what happens to most of these relationships within the space of a few weeks. His plaintive style of speech made us wonder how many of these break-ups he experienced.

The drowsy young man who called himself the **CLASSGOER** assumed the task of storytelling and made us all belly-laugh with his tale, which was actually a recreated dialogue with himself at an early morning class (in some semester which has luckily ended). We winced as we remembered sitting in class trying to hear what we were not awake enough to comprehend.

There was a long silence as the Classgoer finished. Finally all our eyes settled on the one pilgrim who had not yet spoken: the man we shall call the **BUS-RIDER**. He was tall and thoughtful looking and known to be something of an armchair philosopher. As he spoke we waited for a fitting note on which to end. His conclusion could not have been better suited to my thesis of experience: The pilgrim rides along through life in the clutch of Chance.

Travel on, pilgrim, and pray that your chance will deposit you onto a benevolent fate, as benevolent as the hopes we all had in the years here chronicled.

*Jared Burden*  
*Host*







Wednesday, November 16, 1983



Christian Tragos BME 1984



Holly Thomas English 1985





David Rush & Susan Gwin   English & Economics   1984



"Lana" & Martika Ledderman Trinity 1986



Mike Messinger Engineering 1985



Andrew Bagley Political Science 1985



Margot T. Ross English 1984



Graduate Student



Hitch Peabody English-History 1986





Sarah Gehring Psychology 1985



Female



Joe Arena English 1984



Rick Minor Economics 1984



Dean Ritts Biology-History 1985



Dave Walker CPS 1986



Alan Fryar Geology 1984



John Campbell Political Science 1985



Norman Kennedy Trinity 1986



Carla Scott Biology 1985



Ken Fay Economics 1984





Campbell Trinity 1986



Karin Galil Pre-Med 1986



Jay Rathert   Economics   1986





Kim Fish Nursing 1984

Monday AM

Dear Carol,

A quickie for your mail box! Lar and Biz had a great visit with Susie on Saturday after her soccer game at Indiana. They set forth with picnic lunch (a great bag of grapes, cheese and Triscuit, Crystalite for beverage) about 12:30 but missed most of the game because Susie had given the wrong time for the game. But they did surprise Susie and visit. Next time perhaps Susie will get the game time right!! Thank goodness for Biz at just this moment in time. Of course, she really wants a job in Pittsburgh area - I'm certain that Lar would like to be looking elsewhere, but she has to begin her search somewhere. Perhaps the man she meets with tomorrow will have some ideas for her. The Norths are great friends -- they had things planned for the weekend and wanted Lar along for all they did (trip to Shadyside, party at Sally's house for the game yesterday, neither of which ~~kax~~ fit Lar's schedule; but Lar definitely enjoyed Sat. night at some North Hills bar where dancing was part of the scene.

Haven't heard much from Les since she was here last Saturday. There was to be a party given in Hagerstown by the hospital administrator and wife in their honor on Friday night: Wasn't that nice, because there were many friends from there who couldn't make it to Pittsburgh for the wedding day. Today I must go out to Kaufmann's and pick up their silver. I asked her last Sat. if the Jones had given them a check for a wedding present. She said Yes -- so I asked how much? \$300 -- you know, that is almost an insult but I didn't say so -- just said that they might have been able to afford a little more.

Today I will send off UPS your chaps and your riding hat. I really looked for your old hat, but all I could find was the one you had sitting on closet shelf. You will have to hunt up the other the next time you are home. I am so glad that you will be riding again. It was so important to you for such a long time and it is a way to meet more friends. Too bad you aren't available for Fridays this semester but at least you can rub velvety noses. I am delighted that Shaklee is agreeing with you and that it is not too difficult to resist the goodies of life for a few weeks. Hooray for Mrs. Fisher. As long as you stay well, and desire to do so, the Shaklee can be extended for another shipment of 3 boxes. Funny that you can't find it listed in Durham -- there are several listings in the Pgh. phone book for distributors. Must close for now. Hope you have ~~gxxxxx~~ received your package from Lar. Much love, MOM





# STUDENT SNAPSHOTS













PROOF

EDWARD VANTINE STUDIO

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ΔΔΔ ΚΑΘ ΠΒΦ ΣΦΕ  
Plum Hollow - Parents' Day  
Duke - October 1, 1983





































































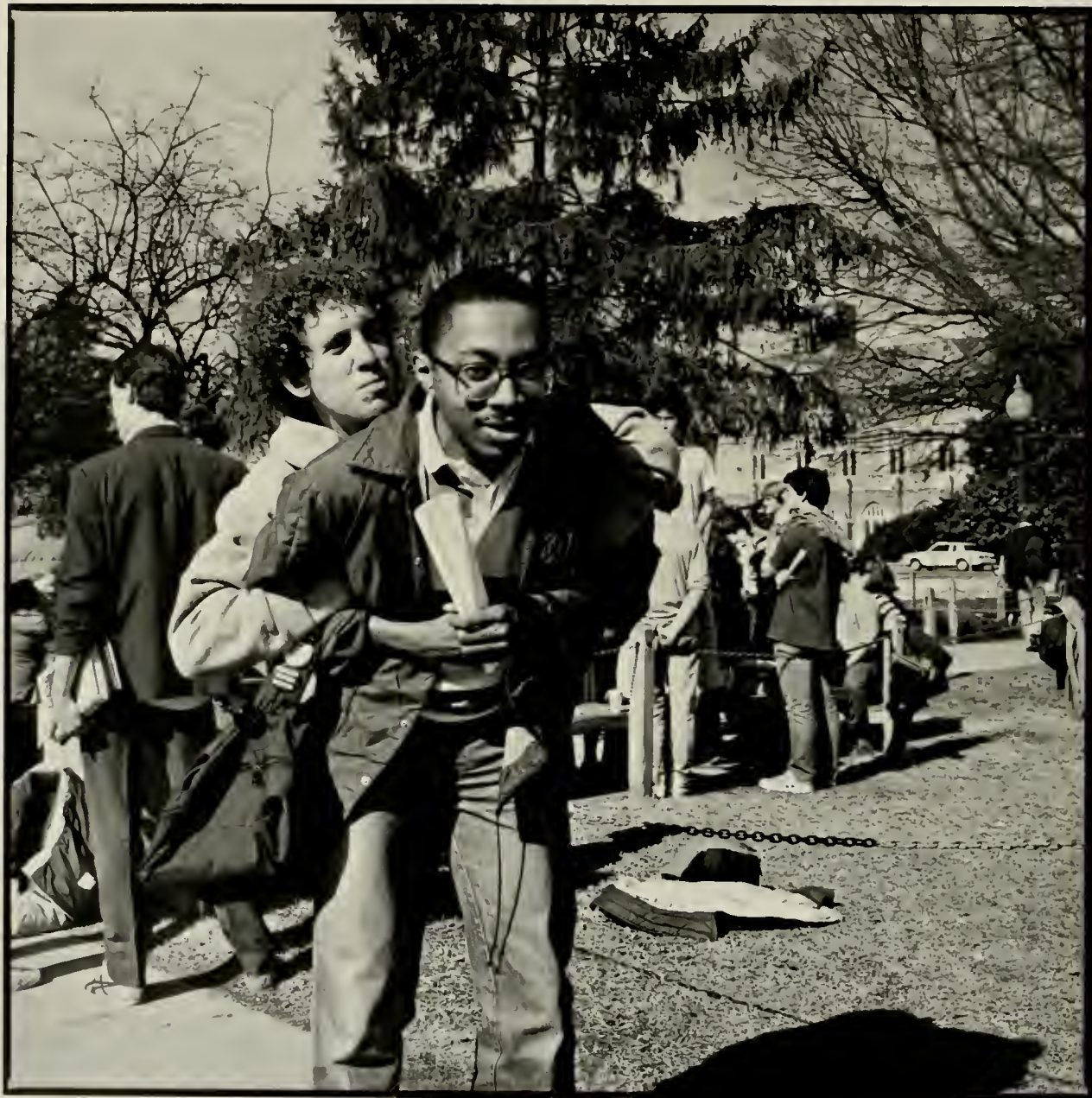








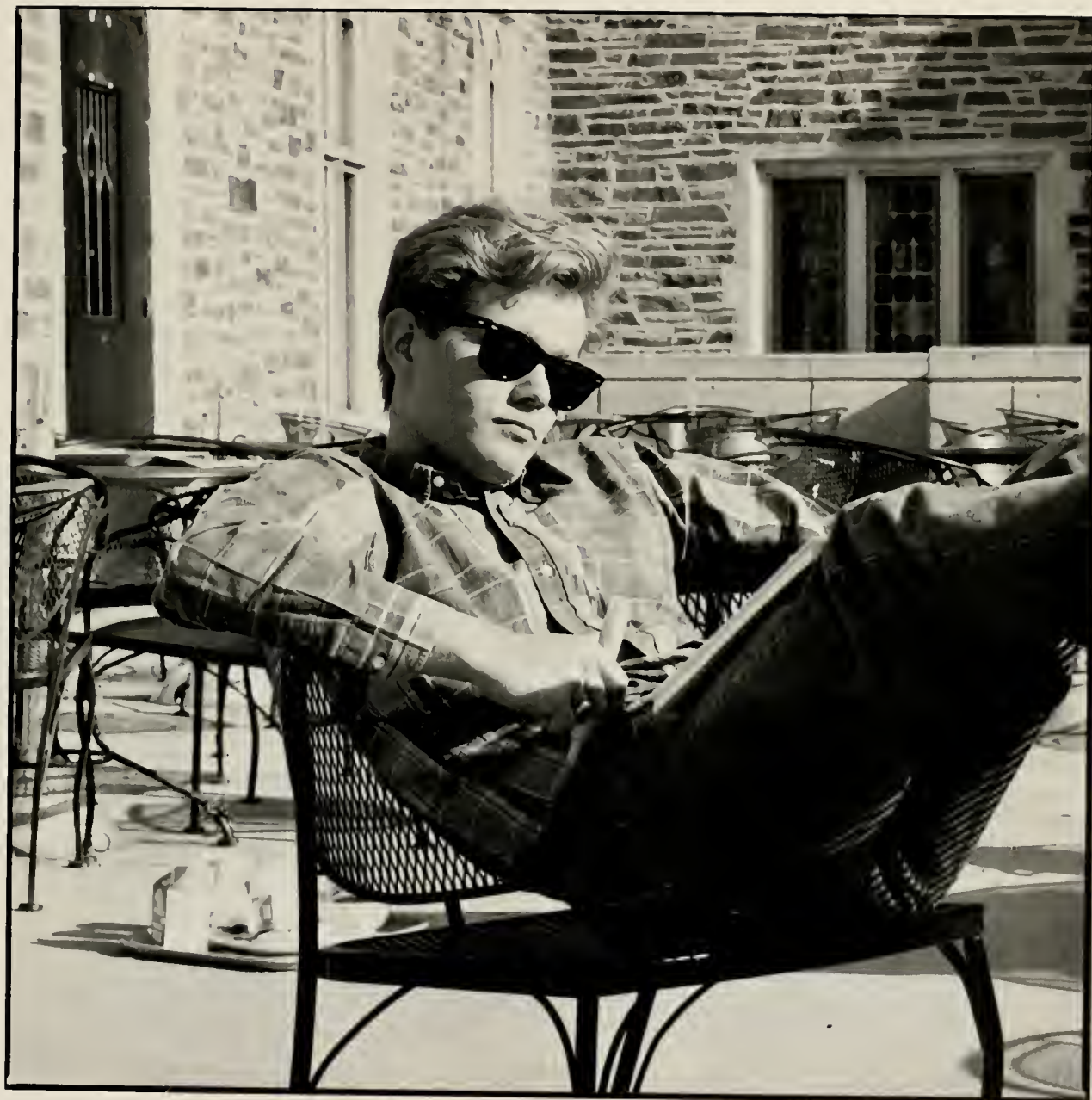










































































International Business Machines Corporation

10401 Fernwood Road  
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301/897-2000

November 21, 1983

Mr. Joseph F. McElroy  
Box 4219 Duke Station  
Durham, North Carolina 22706

Dear Joseph:

Thank you for interviewing with me on the Duke campus on November 9th. Our discussion of your interests, education and experience helped me to understand your employment objectives and qualifications.

As we discussed, we have many candidates for a limited number of open positions; consequently, competition among applicants is intense. IBM's goal is to find the best match of a candidate's interests and qualifications with the requirements of positions currently open. After careful evaluation, I do not believe there is an appropriate match between your qualifications and openings available at this time.

I enjoyed meeting you and want to thank you for your interest in IBM. Best wishes for continued academic success and in your search for employment opportunities.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jane M. Evans".

Jane M. Evans  
I/S Development Manager

/lmg



































**Friday**

December 9, 1983  
Volume 80, Number 71  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

# THE CHRONICLE

## Newsfile

**Arms talks end:** Strategic arms talks ended in Geneva, and the Russians refused to set a date for resuming the negotiations with the United States. The Soviet delegation said it felt compelled "to re-examine all the issues" in view of the deployment of new American medium-range nuclear missiles in Europe. See page 2.

**Columbia lands safely:** The Columbia landed safely, but almost eight hours late, after a cascade of malfunctions occurred and aroused concern about the space shuttle's critical navigation system. Before the touchdown, there was doubt as to when the Columbia would be coming home, possibly a day late. See page 2.

**Force to remain:** The four nation force will remain in Lebanon indefinitely to press for a broadly based Lebanese government and a withdrawal of Israeli and Syrian forces from that country, the foreign ministers affirmed. The statement by ministers of the United States, France, Britain and Italy was issued after a one-hour meeting in the Brussels hotel suite of Secretary of State Shultz.

**Optimism expressed:** Optimism about a withdrawal of the American Marine unit from Lebanon early next year was expressed by the Marine Corps commandant, Gen. Paul X. Kelley. He was the first senior military officer to indicate that a time and plan for total withdrawal of the roughly 2,000 Marines in the Lebanon contingent was under active consideration.

**Marines under fire:** Marines came under heavy fire from rocket-propelled grenades and machine guns from Shiite Moslem forces at Beirut's airport.

## Weather

**Nice weekend for a tuition hike:** Mostly sunny today, high in the low 50s. Partly cloudy tonight and Saturday, low in the mid 30s, high in the 50s.

## Inside

**National recognition:** Three Duke soccer players accorded All-America status. See page 19.

## THE ADMISSIONS GAME

The Admissions Game concludes with a summary, analysis and commentary and some questions for the future. See page 6.

## Capital campaign start uncertain; Trustees to consider tuition raise

By JON SCHER

The University Board of Trustees convenes today for its annual winter meeting, amid apparent uncertainty about the long-anticipated Saturday start of the Capital Campaign for the Arts and Sciences.

Campaign organizers have been gathering pledges throughout the year in the preliminary phase of the campaign. University officials have said they hope to raise between \$150-200 million for endowment in what is expected to be a three-year fund drive.

Campaign director Joel Fleishman, a professor of law and policy sciences, originally targeted the Founder's Day dinner Saturday night for the official start of the campaign. But University President Terry Sanford said this week that Fleishman was considering a delay.

"We're going to have a big dinner to talk about the campaign," Sanford said. "Whether or not we hold back on the actual announcement, whether we call it the kick-off, Mr. Fleishman hasn't quite decided." Fleishman declined to comment.

Sanford said the as-yet-unofficial campaign has already received approximately

\$40 million in pledges, and that Fleishman hopes to receive another \$30 million from two "major" donors. The rule of thumb for large-scale campaigns is to declare a goal once one-third of the desired amount has been raised.

Pushing the official start back until March would not be a setback, Sanford said. "Joel said it would not. I wouldn't worry whether we set a goal of \$150 or \$200 (million), and I don't think it matters whether we start in December or March. I don't think most of the people who are going to give us money care one whit about what we say about any of those things."

Sanford said the latest goal projections were in the \$135-150 million range. The campaign will still be the largest endowment-only fund drive ever attempted by Duke or any other university. Funds will be raised for the library, for professorships, and for graduate and undergraduate scholarships.

Other than the Capital Campaign, the trustees will discuss and act on a number of issues during meetings today and Saturday in the Allen Building board room. Saturday, the annual undergraduate tu-

tion hike is on the agenda, a hike Sanford said will be "less than 10 percent."

Tuition was increased by 9.2 percent at last December's meeting. Previous increases amounted to 15 percent in 1982 and 13 percent in 1981.

The trustees also will hear a report from Sanford on the state of the proposed \$10 million residence hall. In September, the trustees authorized the administration to proceed with project definition for the 335-bed residence hall. Since then, Sanford said, it has become apparent that financing problems are insurmountable.

"I'm going to tell them that I don't think there's any way we can build this, and there are a couple of other things I'd like to get their direction on," he said.

One of the alternate projects Sanford will mention is an improvement plan for Central Campus that he hopes will make that area more attractive and help alleviate crowding in dormitories.

Other items on the agenda include:  
• Reports on University investments and the sale of home sites in Duke Forest.

See TRUSTEES on page 4

## School's out

Barney Jones set to retire after 35 years of teaching

By MICHELLE DE SAVIGNY

303 Carr building looks desolate. No picture, personalize the walls and the bookshelves stand empty. Barney Jones, after 35 years of teaching religion at Duke, is retiring.

The warmth of Jones' low, powerful voice fills the empty room. "All over the walls were pictures of students' weddings and postcards from students," he said. "My life at Duke has centered on students, right up until the last minute."

Jones' association with Duke began when he was a 12-year-old and his grandmother took him to meet then-Duke President Preston Few. Jones remembers his grandmother marching in to Few's office and proclaiming, "President Few, I want you to meet my grandson because he's coming to Duke."

Awed by what he had seen as a young boy, Jones proved his grandmother's prediction correct when he enrolled as a freshman in 1938. "I was absolutely uncritical about everything, even the food," Jones recalled with a smile. "And it didn't hurt that Duke had a great football team — no one scored a point against us my freshman year."

Because Hitler was "making noise" in Europe, Jones decided to accelerate his studies, graduating in three years. After beginning divinity school at Yale, Jones entered the military in 1941 as a chaplain. For the next 10 years, he alternately worked in the service, studied at Yale and taught religion at Duke.

At the end of the Korean War, Jones had

See BARNEY on page 7



STAFF PHOTO

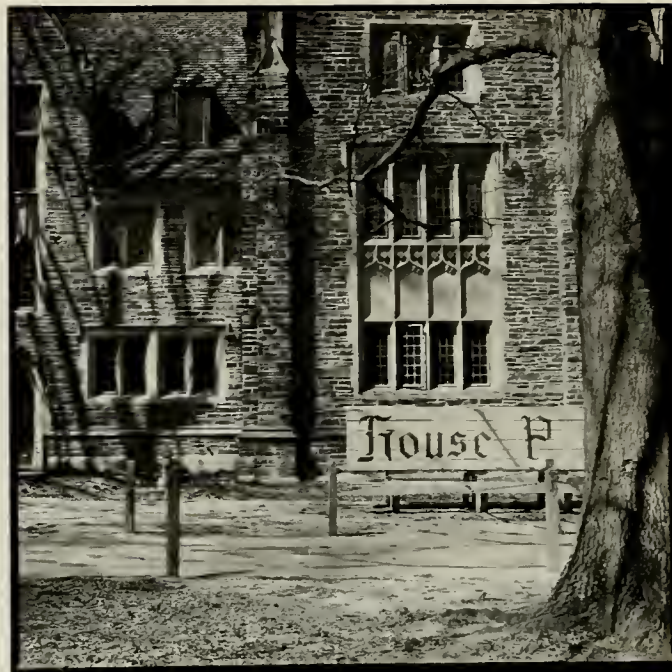
Professor Barney Jones. A Duke Institution, shown here in the mid '60s.







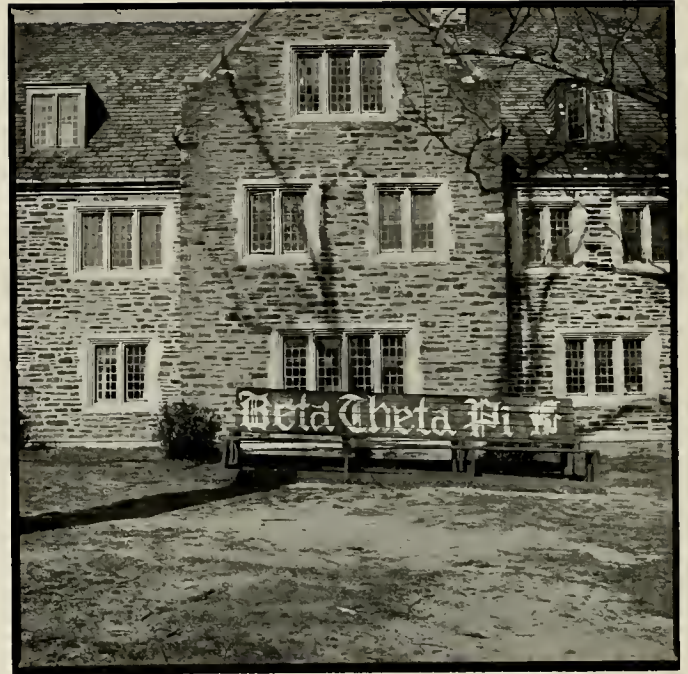






















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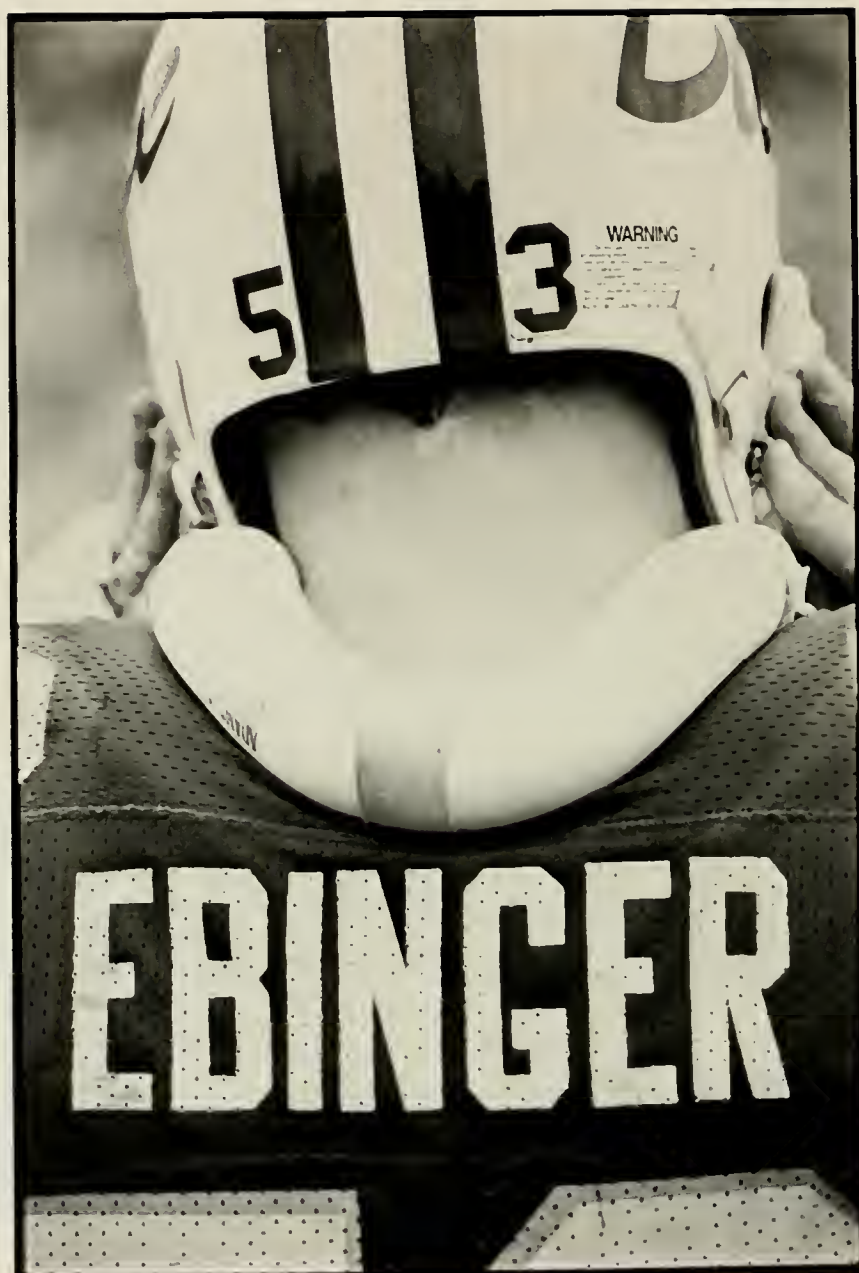
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Duke University  
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Office of the President

January 17, 1984

AN AVUNCULAR LETTER

To My Duke Students:

The enthusiasm of Duke students in Cameron Indoor Stadium during basketball games is legendary, especially at ACC games. That's great! It is as if we had a sixth man (maybe seventh, eighth, or tenth sometimes) playing on the floor.

But hold a minute--I have a reservation about all that. There is a recognizable line between enthusiasm and cheapness.

It is generally assumed that a person resorting in conversation to profanity and obscenities is short of an adequate vocabulary. That is doubly true in public utterances.

Resorting to the use of obscenities in cheers and chants at ball games indicates a lack of vocabulary, a lack of cleverness, a lack of ideas, a lack of class, and a lack of respect for other people. We are, I am sorry to report, gaining an unequalled reputation as a student body that doesn't have a touch of class.

I don't think we need to be crude and obscene to be effectively enthusiastic. We can cheer and taunt with style; that should be the Duke trademark. Crudeness, profanity, and cheapness should not be our reputation--but it is.

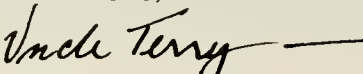
I suggest that we change. Talk this matter over in your various residential houses. Think of something clever but clean, devastating but decent, mean but wholesome, witty and forceful but G-rated for television, and try it at the next game.

We have too much going for us as an outstanding university to tolerate the reputation we now have for being so crude and inarticulate that we must resort to profanity and obscenities at ball games.

I hope you will discipline yourselves and your fellow students. This request is in keeping with my commitment to self-government for students. It should not be up to me to enforce proper behavior that signifies the intelligence of Duke students. You should do it. Reprove those who make us all look bad. Shape up your own language.

I hate for us to have the reputation of being stupid.

With best wishes,

  
President Terry Sanford



















## A TALE

Pertelote sat on her nest  
Spread out like a fat larder,  
Covering her love products  
With utmost care and zest,  
A patient, loving guarder,  
Protecting, keeping warm mid clucks  
Revered memories and sentiments  
Of sacred unforgettable moments.  
But Chantecleer, originator of her plight,  
Strutted and sang both day and night.  
No tenderness he showed, no obligation took  
Toward poor Pertelote sitting alone in that nook.  
Instead, he gloated that fate gave the male so much pleasure  
And forced his wife to pay far, far beyond measure.

So elated was he  
That this could be,  
His gait became prouder,  
His songs were louder.  
As his admirers increased,  
Husbandly duties he released.

Now, Pertelote had lost grace  
Hovering over Chantecleer's offspring.  
She, who had been first, must now sit  
And watch his disgusting fling  
With every pullet on the place  
Until she was literally in a mad fit.  
Finally, the sitting wife devised a plan.  
Said she, "I'll fix that egoistic man!"  
Along came Chantecleer, his comb bright red,  
High was his head; he danced as he tread.  
He sang as he led all the pullets into the shed.  
Pertelote called in a voice sweet and clear  
Words to warm an erring husband's ear,  
"Chantecleer, my dear, come here.

"Our little ones are moving around;  
Come sit and listen to the sound  
Of the peckings which abound.  
Keep them warm till their way be found  
to a new life on the hard ground.



Chantecleer, Chantecleer,  
Come here, come here.  
Come hear you little chicks' hearts chug;  
Keep them warm and snug as a bug in a rug.  
Let you legs around them hug like wine in a jug  
While fancy food I lug from the nearest pub.  
Then, we'll have party, we'll celebrate  
When the babies actuate and we no longer wait.  
Keep them warm, Chantecleer; soon this birthing will abate."

While Chantecleer bowed his red crest  
Deep in thought as to what was best  
Pertelote got him on the nest  
And was briskly walking west.  
Then Chantecleer quietly sat lest  
He injure his babies in the midst of their quest.

The wayward wife put on her plumes  
And imitated the pullets' racy zooms,  
Selected their most enticing perfumes  
And round Chantecleer did she strut  
As if he were nothing but a nut in a rut.  
Chantecleer began to beg and to plead,  
"Beautiful Pertelote, how could you do such a deed?  
Come, come dear wife, do your wifely duty  
Then see our chicks hatch in all their beauty."  
But haughty Pertelote tossed her head;  
Down the lane went she with her comb red  
Just like a pullet whose never been wed.  
As if the babes in the eggs she'd completely forgot  
And she didn't care if they rotted or not.

But the husband sat afraid to move,  
For his unborn chicks he truly did love.  
He called and called to his willful wife  
That this is not a husband's life,  
But Pertelote, seemingly, had disappeared;  
Gone forever, he frantically feared.

Poor Chantecleer began crying and shouting.  
The louder he shouted, the more the chicks pecked  
Until the eggs lay broken and wrecked  
And, proudly, the babes came forth, flaunting  
Lovely yellow bodies and winsome ways.

Chantecleer, astounded, wondered what to do.  
To be a mother was a foreign role; he was in a stew!  
The chicks began observing his frustrated maze  
And quickly took charge of the situation.  
They stroked, comforted, and called his attention  
To the golden fluff he'd been sitting on.  
Proudly he strutted, loudly he sang, "I've won, I've won."  
Their beauty enthralled him; love filled his heart;  
He vowed to both parents be and never from his chicks to part.

Colorful stories Chantecleer gladly told  
To his cuddling little orphans dear.  
He taught them things to love, to hold,  
And informed them about what to fear.  
Round the barnyard every day, he led his chicks along  
He flew around, cheerful and gay, singing many a happy song.

Hearing his melodious singing, Pertelote came flying back;  
With love overflowing she pranced to Chantecleer's side,  
But he informed the chicks with a learned cluck, clack,  
"Your mother forsook us; we'll never again with her abide.  
But I will with you, my children, stay.  
Care for you and chase bad foxes away.  
Till the seas evaporate and earth sinks nether,  
Our love for each other will keep us together,  
But you mother must leave us for all eternity.  
She brought it all on herself by acting unparently."  
The pullets around Chantecleer swarmed;  
They stroked his chicks; his heart warmed.  
With his gladsome singing, the young hens he charmed;  
Altogether, they lived, unafraid and unharmed.

**MORAL:**

Women preserve your motherly powers;  
Pullets and Gays lurk in hidden bowers  
To usurp the marital pleasures of sex,  
But motherhood more potent is than a witch's hex.  
So, try your best to sit in the nest;  
In gold invest, the motherly love that keeps the best.

*D. Elaine Stanberry*

























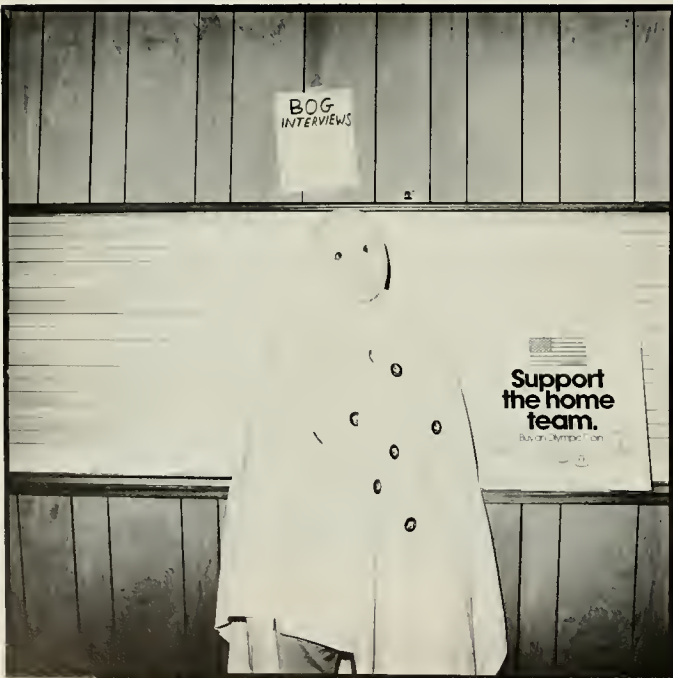
















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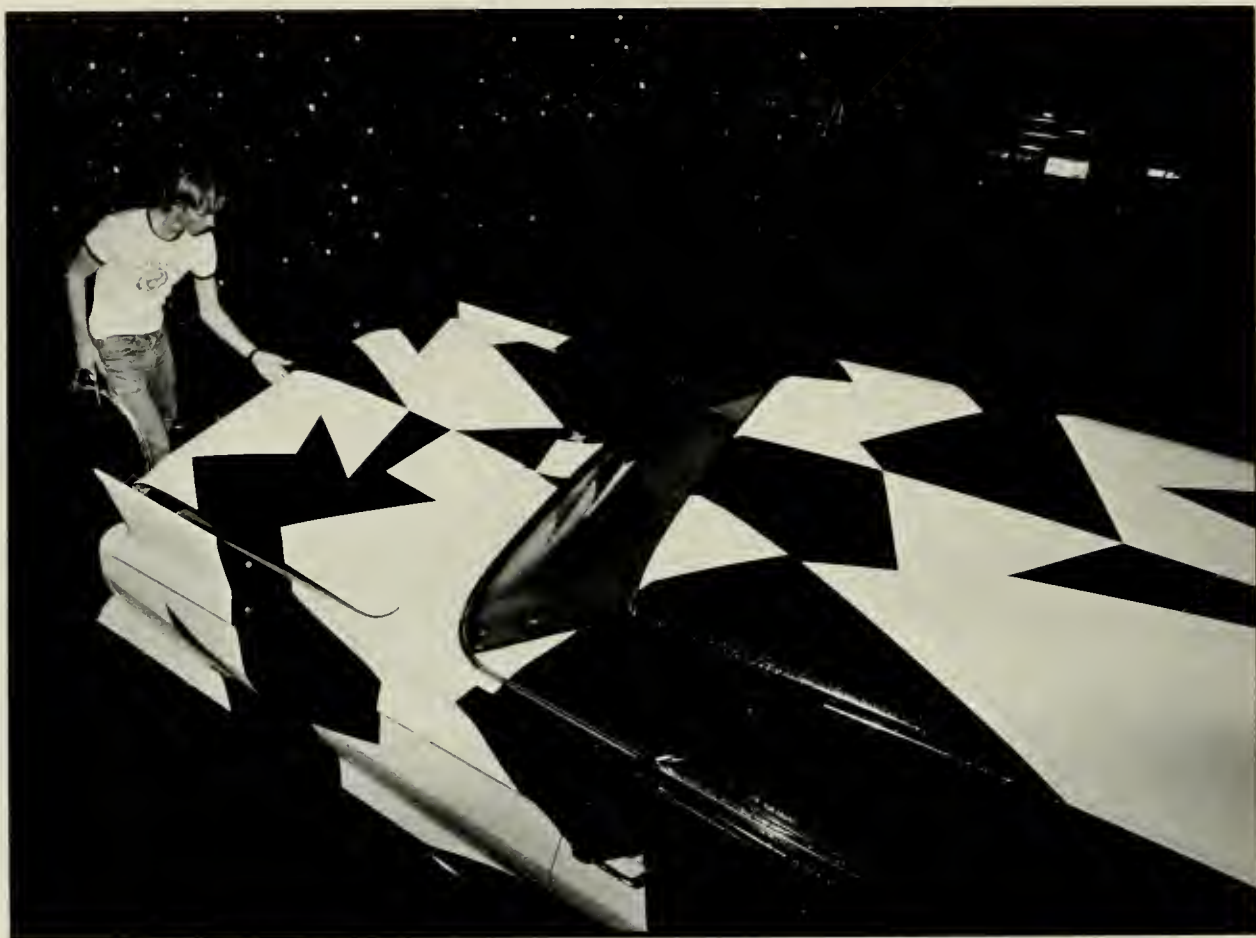
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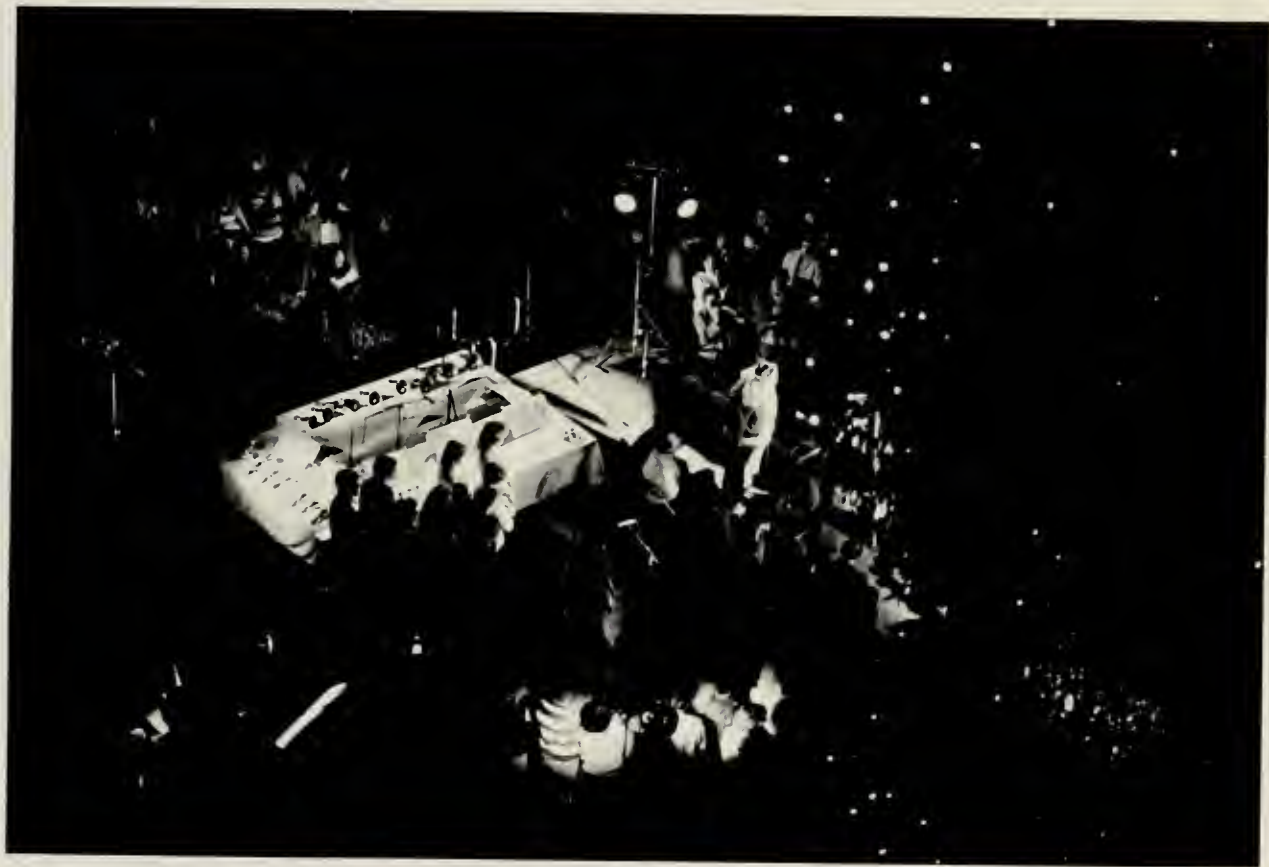












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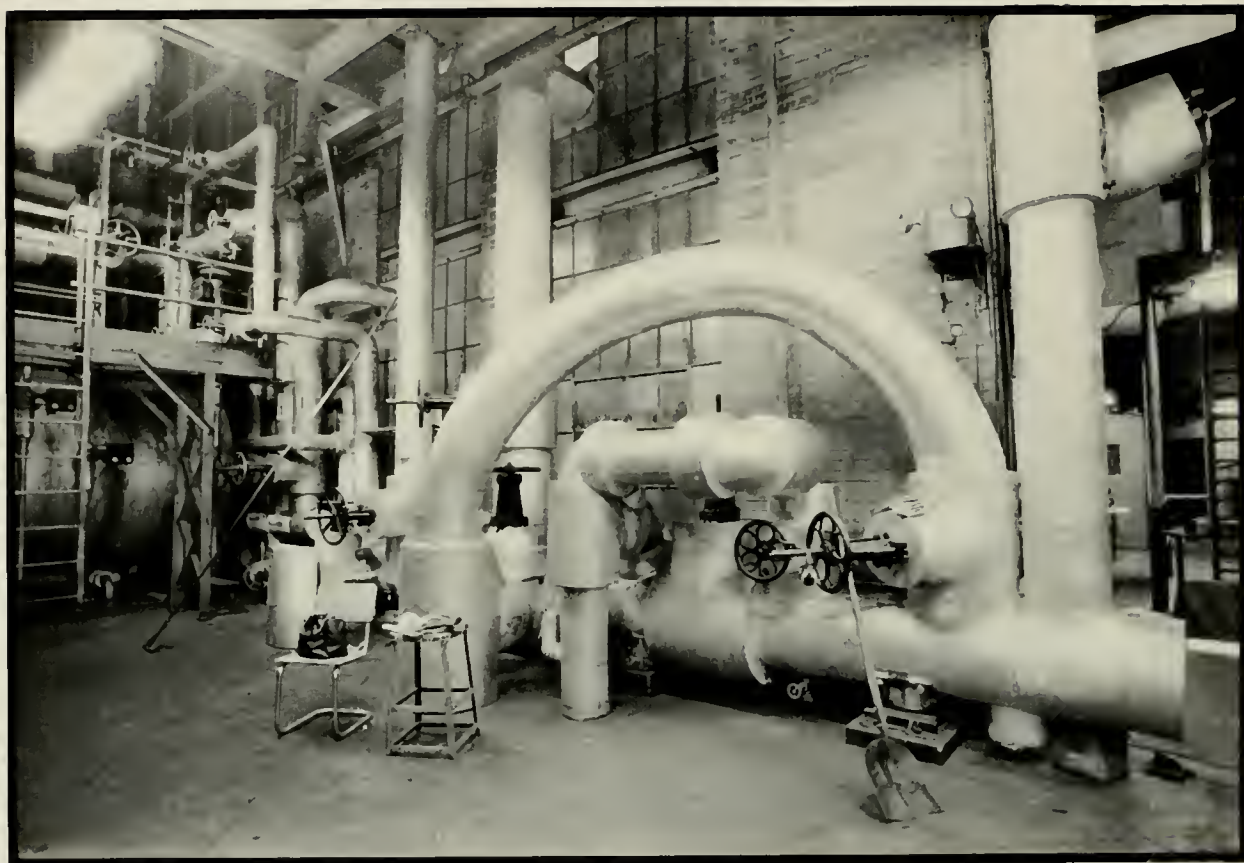


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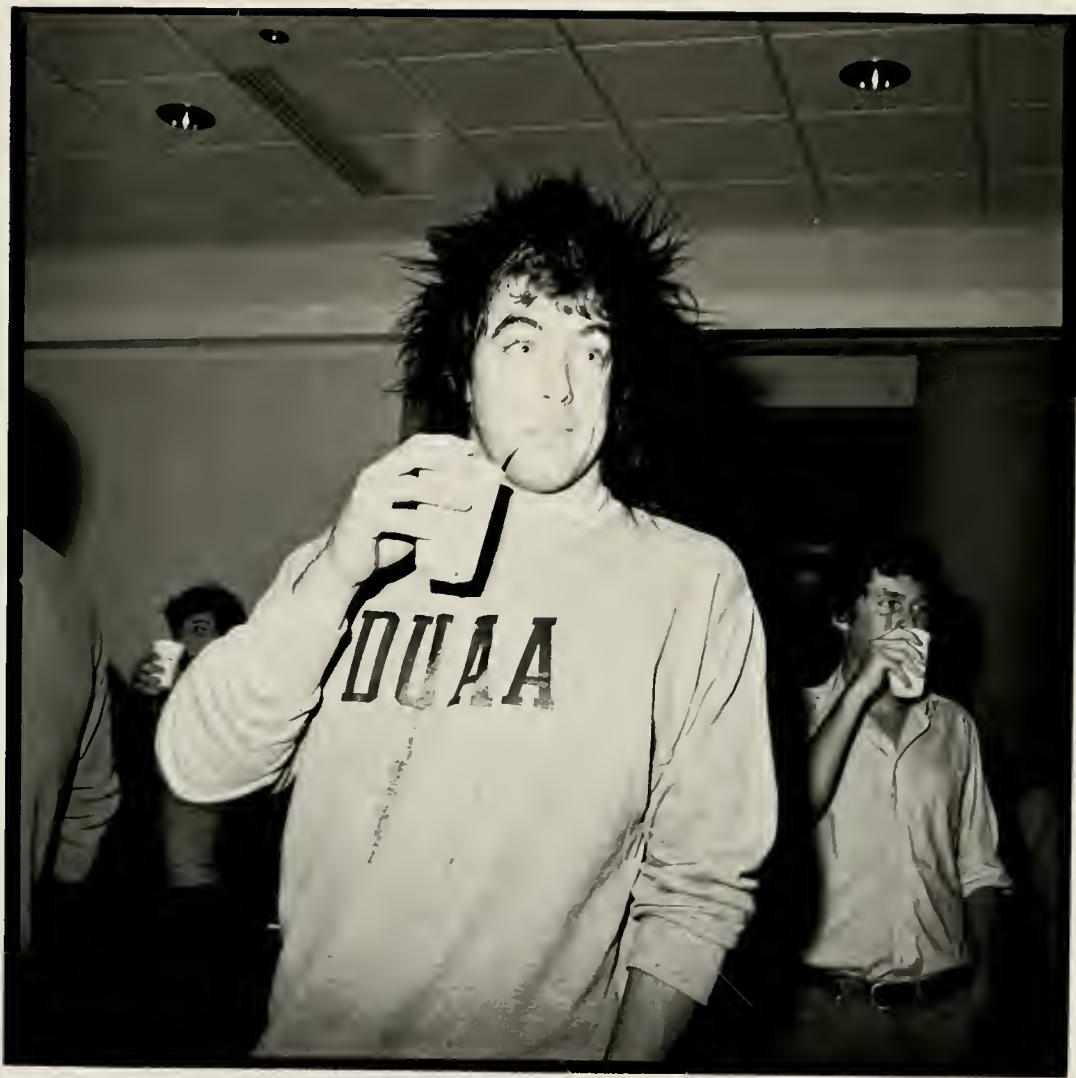












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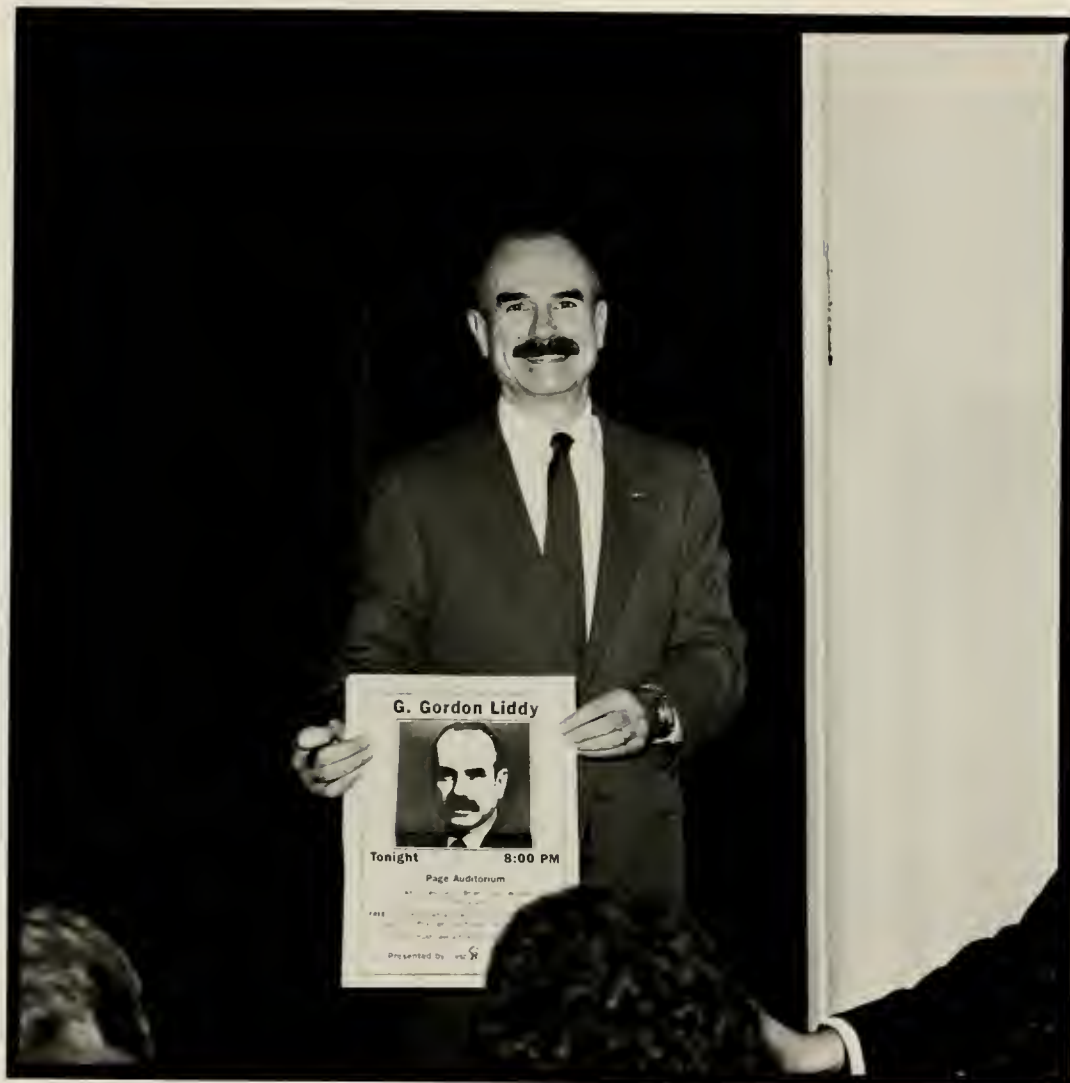
















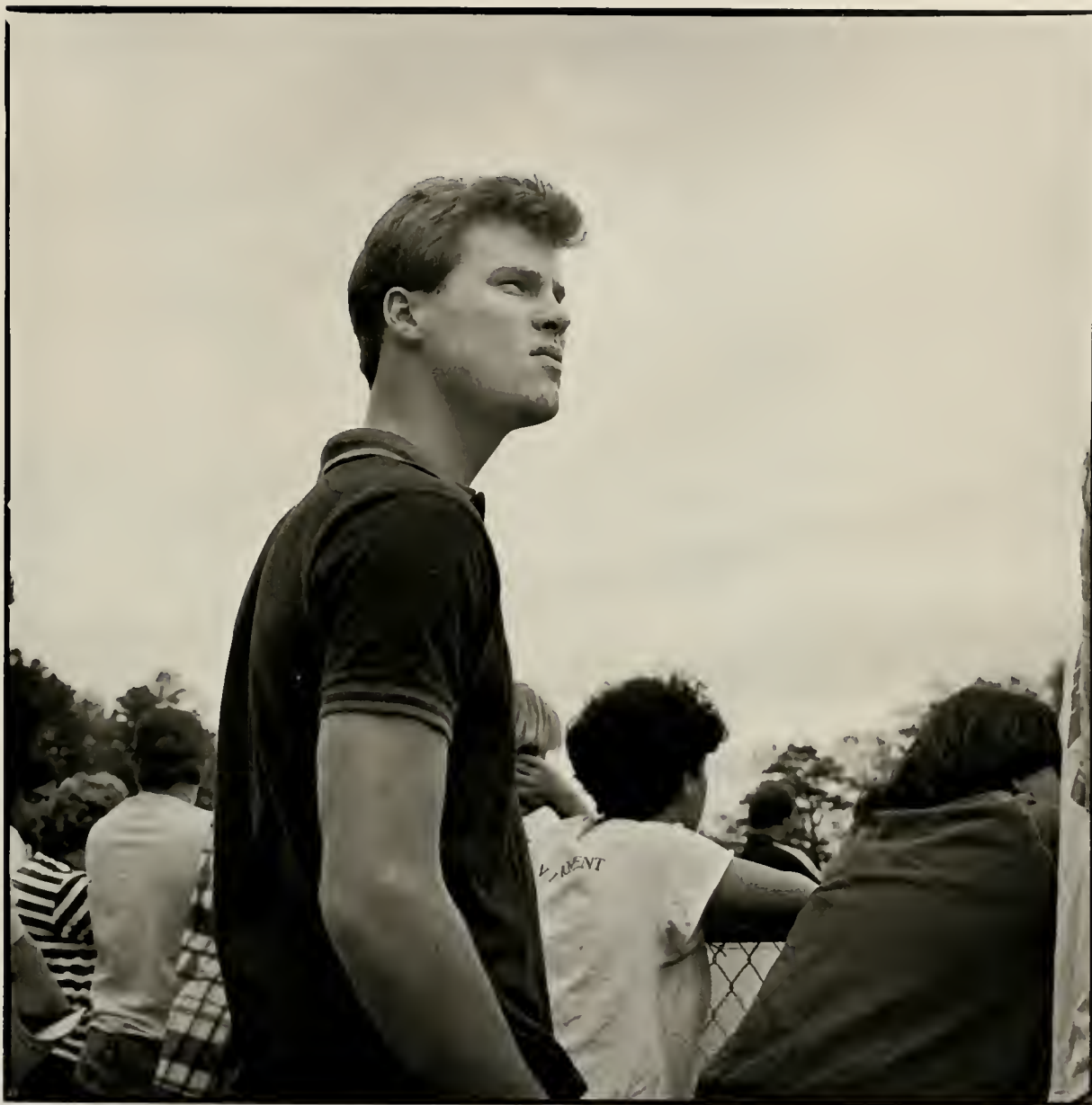














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